WRITERS AND CONFERENCES, By Carl Carmer

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE PACIFIC OCEAN"
By Felix Riesenberg
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

"TIME EXPOSURE"
The Autobiography of William Henry Jackson
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

"IF IT PROVE FAIR WEATHER
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TOO SMALL TO SEE BUT NOT TO READ
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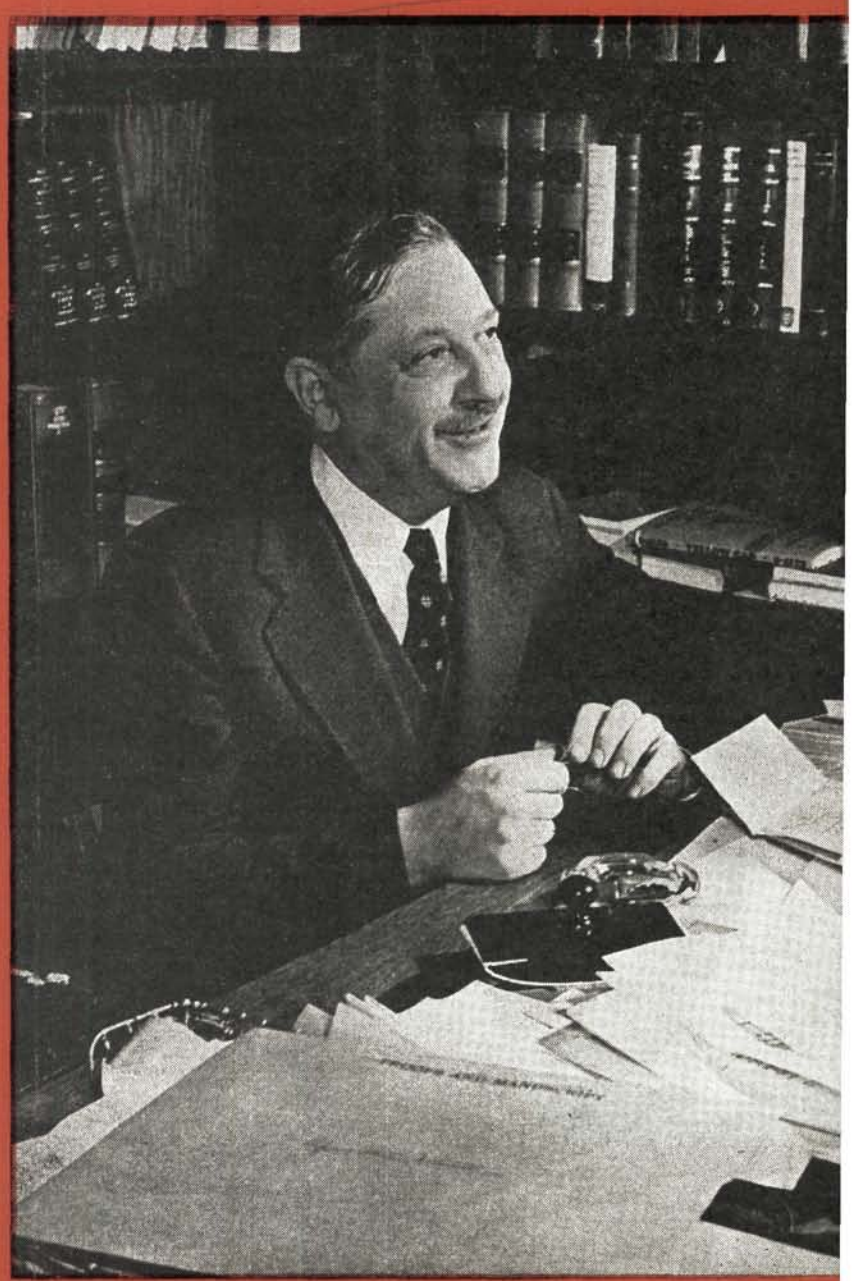

THURMAN ARNOLD's heart is in his work . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Writers and Conferences

CARL CARMER

ATTENDING a writers' conference is a delightful experience. Staff-members, fellowship winners, promising writers, just-listeners agree to that. It is heart-warming to be under campus elms again. The tennis is good. You can swim in the college pool. On the evening of the picnic supper both the scenery and the fried chicken are excellent. Good talk lasts more than half the night—every night. There is a hearty, comradely spirit.

Even being in a college lecture room again does not dim the general ardor. The well-known-writer-who-is-a-staff-member sees to that. He sits cross-legged on the top of the desk, makes jokes about his inability to be academic, and is as charmingly frank as he knows how to be. One of the first benefits to be derived from the conference, his hearers conclude, is the realization that famous writers are natural, unaffected people, generous to a fault in their desire to help others who have not got so far along in their craft. Anticipation grows. The feeling is that here is a place at last where writers are going to get down to brass tacks.

After the first two days the staff begins to realize it has been a little lavish with the brass tacks. At the conference of which I was a staff-member Robert P. Tristram Coffin and I sat through breakfast of the third day in silent gloom—no meet mood for two who were soon to win the doubles championship of the Writers' Conferences of eastern New Hampshire. Finally Coffin whose features are not suited to melancholy groaned: "I've told 'em everything I know already. Ten days to go and nothing left to say."

"It's the pace that kills," I said. "Now you are a college professor and I used to be—and we both know how to keep a course in English composition going through a whole semester. Why is it that we're both going to be sent home today for being inarticulate?"

I think we finally concluded that we had much less to say to promising young authors than to college students on whose ignorance we had learned to depend. After all the best that we could do in the classroom for writers who could be expected to know their syntax and how to avoid "awkward repetition" was first to tell them as well as we could how we got the effects of which we were capable and then perhaps to try to analyze for them the craftsmanship of other and better writers. The first of these tasks was already generously complete, partially as a result of the earnest professor-director's assigning each of us three hours of lecturing on each of the first two days. The second seemed to us more of a job for the professor-side of our Jekyll-Hyde personalities than for the author-side.

Thus came my first questionings of the values of America's newest scheme for helping its gifted young writers along the hard road to success in their field. In Michigan, New Hampshire, Colorado, Vermont, colleges have welcomed to their bosoms these democratic minglings of the distinguished and the ambitious for the benefit of the latter. For fifteen years now the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, first of the lot and model for the others, has been held annually under the sponsorship of the Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont. Its statement of its own purposes may fairly be assumed to be representative:

"The Conference does not take the view that a practising writer can be produced by education, formal training, or criticism; certainly not in two weeks. It believes that its program is rewarding in many ways and degrees to different individuals: as a pleasant and stimulating experience; as an aid to better understanding of the writer's job; as a means of more rapid advancement toward the success of which a given individual is capable; as a source of wise counsel and helpful associations in particular publishing problems, where such problems arise."

Of these four alleged rewards there is no denying the first. Harry Hansen, writing from the Rocky Mountain Conference at the University of Colorado says, "work has alternated with mountain trips, horseback rides, beefsteak dinners, trips to rodeo performances and to the original summer festival in Central City." He also states that Writers' Conferences are "invaluable for stimulation." Fletcher Pratt of the staff of the Bread Loaf Conference has told me that the stimulation is so great that the annual two weeks is about all he can stand. Pleasure and stimulation, however, even when intensified provide only a sort of sublimated Chatauqua. I have asked a number of young writers who have attended conferences if they felt that

Porch conference at a summer conference: Hervey Allen, Mrs. John Farrar, Mrs. Bernard DeVoto, Alexander Laing, and Owen Lattimore talk it over at Bread Loaf,

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pleasure and stimulation were sufficient reasons for their attendance and they said "no." There is no doubt that they expected to find other and more important values.

The description of the second reward, "an aid to the better understanding of the writer's job" is not clear. If the word "job" is meant in the sense of "general purpose" my sole comment is that I believe that only the author as individual knows what his job is. I have heard Robert Frost's stinging answer to a number of writers of the socially conscious variety who wished to tell him what his job was. A crusading writer could surely make as strong a case against any art-for-art's-sake effort to shut him into an ivory tower. An effort to tell an author what his job is, is more likely to be confusing than helpful. The ambitious writer would do better to spend two weeks in solitude trying to find his own answer, than to attend a writer's convention.

If the word "job" is meant in the sense of what he is expected to do as a craftsman there is more to be said. There can be no question that the hopeful who attend the conferences receive a certain amount of technical instruction. My own fear as an instructor was that the writer whom I was trying to help would accept my own solutions to problems rather than work out his own. The fellowship-winners and writer-members of the Conference were, the executive staff assured me, already writers of promise—far past the usual senior-seminar-in-creative-writing period. If that were so, I thought, these young people were at the point of their development in which they should be alone at their desks prayerfully striving for originality, trying to find new ways of doing things instead of finding out how a lot of oldsters do them.

And even if the aim of the conference is lower than it would be likely to admit—to employ writers who can sell their stuff to tell others how to write stuff that will sell—I am not sure that the successful writer is the best teacher. Frequently I have found that he does not know himself how he works. There is also the danger that he may not know how to impart information. There was a note in this journal a few weeks ago about a professor of creative writing at a Southern university who numbered among his recent students four young novelists whose works have been accepted by leading publishers. Though he is not himself a novelist, it would seem that this professor would be more valuable to the students at a Writers' Conference than a professional novelist.

As for the third reward—to provide "a means of more rapid advancement toward the success of which a given individual is capable," if the words mean that the really talented writer will be recognized as such and given opportunities, they are not false. The staff members will throw up their caps at a "discovery" and, with the happy feeling that they may have been at least a little responsible for the phenomenon, recommend him to their publishers. The literary-agent-who-is-a staff-member will offer his services, if the discovery desires them. But the conference need not pride itself on these facts. It is not providing a very special service. The young writer who is too busy or too poor to attend a Writers' Conference need not despair. If his work is good, just as much fuss will be made over him if he wraps his book in brown paper and sends it to the publisher of his choice. His manuscript will be read and praised by competent readers, there will be alleluias over the miracle of an unsolicited manuscript that proved publishable, there will be publicity notes about his modesty, not one but many literary agents will offer their services. And all this will happen just as rapidly as if he had been discovered at a Writers' Conference.

Finally the claim that a Conference is "a source of wise counsel and helpful associations in particular publishing problems" deserves examination. The main distributor of wisdom in this respect is the literary-agent-who-is-a-staff-member. No one is better fitted than he to advise the producer of a standard work as to where to send it to get it published, or as to how to change it to gain its acceptance by a standard magazine or a standard publisher. But let it be supposed that a writer has produced a work that is not standard and the story is different. I hate to think what effect an agent's advice might have had on the authors of certain distinguished works that defy a superficial category, had those authors attended a Conference and been willing to make suggested alterations. It is not to the literary agent's discredit that he would have the products he must sell fit snugly into molds that guarantee saleability. If he is to make a living the wares in his shop must have a quick turnover. He can say honestly "If you prefer to keep this work in its unusual form I understand and respect your point of view, but if you were to change it thus and so I could sell it for you tomorrow." Only the integrity of the writer suffers, if, believing in himself, he makes the changes.

I must confess that most of the student-writers at the University of New Hampshire seemed more con-

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T. A.'s "Big Stick"

THE BOTTLENECKS OF BUSINESS. By Thurman W. Arnold. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

WHEN the impish genius that had produced "Symbols of Government" and the "Folklore of Capitalism" was transferred from the Yale Law School to the Department of Justice a few years ago, many people, including this reviewer, were vaguely troubled. On the one hand the guardians of the public morals in the United States Senate and elsewhere were upset to think of an iconoclast in the robes of high priest at the shrine of the Sherman Anti-trust Act. On the other hand those who felt Professor Arnold's wings would be clipped as Assistant Attorney General mourned the loss of one of the most brilliant of the sociological thinkers of the thirties.

Both sets of alarmists were wrong. "The Bottlenecks of Business" tells the story of Mr. Arnold's priesthood in such a way as to make the most inveterate anti-monopolist in the United States Senate conclude that no one else in America could have done the job as well. At the same time the book dispels the fears of those who felt Mr. Arnold's special kind of intelligence could not survive the corridors of the Department of Justice.

Yet the mourners were not wholly wrong. For the writer of this volume is hardly the same man whose laughter once rocked the boat. The wit and charm and gay exploration of "The Folklore of Capitalism" gives way to the earnestness of social reform, and only the hardheaded honesty and humane sentiment of the earlier personality remain in the new.

Most people will agree that Mr. Arnold has been the most competent administrator of the Anti-trust Division since the Sherman Act was passed just fifty years ago. One reason now is clear: his heart is in his work—so much so that his book just about amounts to a campaign document to increase the probability that that work will continue through another four years. In doing so he has produced as good a statement of what the New Deal means to one-half the New Dealers as exists.

The New Dealers have always been split between the "planners" and the "Brandeisians." The "planners" have sought to evolve a positive social program headed in the direction of a democratic collectivism; in so far as they saw the evils of monopolistic Big Business they sought to counter them by regulatory machinery to induce social responsibility, and work out a new pattern of over-all economic controls. The "Brandeisians" inherited their horror of "bigness" from the Populists, and they saw the chief cause of poverty and chronic depression in monopolistic prices and the social maladjustments arising from great wealth in a few hands; but, as exemplified by Mr. Arnold, they abandoned incantation for practical administration. Mr. Arnold contrasts the great Trust-Busting noise of Theodore Roosevelt, who had five lawyers and four stenographers on the job, with the administrative methods of his own brief tenure under Franklin Roosevelt.

It is perhaps unfair to have Mr. Arnold's book reviewed by one whose sympathies are with the "planners," and who feels that no amount of administrative competence in freeing the channels of the marketplace from artificial stoppages can release our capacity to produce abundance. Yet the strength of Mr. Arnold's convictions, and the wealth of informative case material he brings to bear are impressive. He shows the modern administrator at his best, refusing to heap moral obliquity on the business men he is prosecuting for doing what economic developments has forced them to do, dealing with specific situations in one industry after another rather than with too expansive generalizations, trying even through the judicial process to develop positive rules of conduct rather than merely "cracking down."

Mr. Arnold's defense of his use of the Sherman Act against labor unions is not as complete as might be wished. Perhaps his real defense is the great amount of dirty linen coming into his office which he does not wish to wash in public; he gives hints that he knows as much as Westbrook Pegler about labor racketeering and the lack of democracy in many labor unions. Yet he is undoubtedly sincere in asserting that his main concern is that public reaction against abuses in the labor movement shall not hurt the labor movement itself.

And finally, when Mr. Arnold presents the case for policing the market as the key to both recovery and national defense, he is indulging in the generalizing that he professes to abhor. Monopoly does need policing. And the Brandeisians are an essential part of the New Deal program as a whole. But we shall not meet the threat of the world revolution represented by Hitler, nor find a road to plenty by mere policing. There are plenty of economists even in the field of "imperfect competition" who would have saved Mr. Arnold from some of his economic and social half-truths. Mr. Arnold's ever-present honesty and good nature will perhaps permit the suggestion that this is no time for pouring new wine down old bottlenecks.

Alfred M. Bingham, editor of Common Sense, *is the author of "Man's Estate."*

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Often it's a part of a quotation, especially if the name is the title of a book or play. Can you recall the source of the titles listed below? Allow 5 points if you can name both the author and the work from which the title is derived. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1. *Of Mice and Men,* by John Steinbeck.
2. *Told by an Idiot,* by Rose Macauley.
3. *The Hounds of Spring,* by Sylvia Thompson.
4. *If Winter Comes,* by A. S. M. Hutchinson.
5. *Far from the Madding Crowd,* by Thomas Hardy.
6. *So Red the Rose,* by Stark Young.
7. *Dear Brutus,* by James M. Barrie.
8. *All Our Yesterdays,* by H. M. Tomlinson.
9. *Never the Twain Shall Meet,* by Peter B. Kyne.
10. *Remembrance of Things Past,* by Marcel Proust.
11. *Brave New World,* by Aldous Huxley.
12. *Tender Is the Night,* by Scott Fitzgerald.
13. *Paths of Glory,* by Humphrey Cobb.
14. *Not So Deep as a Well,* by Dorothy Parker.
15. *Cabbages and Kings,* by O. Henry.
16. *Cakes and Ale,* by Somerset Maugham.
17. *Antic Hay,* by Aldous Huxley.
18. *Naked to Laughter,* by Dorothy McCleary.
19. *Somehow Good,* by William DeMorgan.
20. *Gone with the Wind,* by Margaret Mitchell.

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The Tragedy of Vienna

THE DEFENDERS. By Franz Hoellering. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 484 *pp.* $2.75.

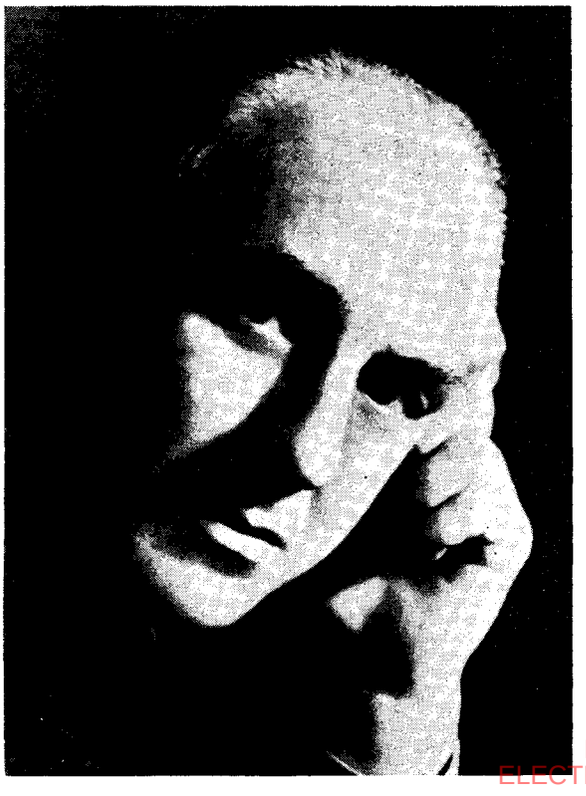
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HISTORY, during the past quarter-century, has moved at the pace of a charging tank, while the novelists who concern themselves with the great affairs of their own times have panted bravely behind. But, though outdistanced, the writers of factual fiction have scored notable successes; most striking when they have recollected in comparative tranquillity events that once claimed them as actors, or as spectators too privileged for comfort. Among these successes "The Defenders," by Franz Hoellering, must now be numbered.

Its scene is Vienna, in the last days of 1933 and the early weeks of 1934. If we except a final tying-up of fictional threads, its action is barely two months long. But those months, now brought alive again upon an author's page, were fateful; for they saw a nation take a long and irretraceable step on the descending road towards Hitlerism. They saw the collapse of Austrian socialism, the unfurling of the true colors of the Christian Front government, and the massacre of Viennese workers by a modern army of almost twenty thousand men.

Hoellering sets his stage and circles his theme, at first, by way of peripheral characters; then, developing his central and most significant figures, he comes to grips with his subject and sweeps his reader into the swift current of the drama.

Franz Hoellering



Vienna's tragedy is personalized for us by men and women from all social levels, of every political complexion. In their actions we read history, and its lesson. Baron Wiesner, amiable, aloof, and a little dull, who believes that he can escape from his own times by merely retiring to the management of his Tyrolean estate; Professor Steiger, incapable of understanding that there can be any connection between politics and science; Birkmeier, the timorous Social Democratic "revolutionist," who finds himself outstripped by events and scorned by his ineffectual but truly radical son; Hippmann, the weary socialist deputy, vainly trying to stay the hands of the extremists; Karl Merk, young engineer, who has no doubt where he must stand when the test comes; Maria Steiger, Wiesner's betrothed, who finds love with Karl, and a meaning to life in the struggle that kills her lover; mother Merk, stern and humble watch-dog of the workers' cause and arms; Franze, the monstruously fat bass-drummer, with the failing heart that he flogs on to devoted action—perhaps the most remarkable and memorable character of all; Pepitta, intent only on her own career in the midst of a crashing world; young Uexcuell (read Starhemberg) leader of the Heimwehr; Professor Schlager, pliable conformist; Kleist, the practical Nazi; and Robinson, the fanatical—these are the principal characters through whom the novelist brings tragic history home to us, by virtue of whom he makes it put on individual flesh and being. And the lesson? Well, part of it at least is that there are, today, no ivory towers available.

One might pick out many scenes and incidents for praise—follow Franze's staggering steps as he struggles to warn Hippmann of Heuberger's (should we read Korbel's?) treachery; dwell on the heroic last stand of the Schutzbunders—but praise of a few scenes would lead to others.

With a novel of this kind, so timed, the reader collaborates so willingly and so emotionally that detached literary evaluation is nearly impossible. But I have little doubt that "The Defenders," *qua* novel, is of sound quality and not merely timely. My judgment places it between Hans Habe's "Sixteen Days" and Ernst Glaeser's "The Last Civilian."

Enigmatic Frontier

THE PACIFIC OCEAN. By Felix Riesenberg. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 322 *pp. ill., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

COMPARISONS are inevitable when two men, both masters of their craft, write books on the same subject within three months. As a matter of fact it is practically impossible. Mr. Van Loon and Captain Riesenberg are talking about different things. The Polynesians and how they got there, which excite the former to the tune of half a book, are worth only half a page to the latter; and only two men get top billing in both works.

The two are James Cook and Charles Wilkes. It is not singular that both are explorers. Any story of the world's largest geographical entity is necessarily one of exploration, for colonization has succeeded indifferently (except in Australia, which is off Captain Riesenberg's beat), and the human clashes that make history in other parts of the world are almost wanting. Not altogether, to be sure. Riesenberg has resurrected the tale of Cavendish's raid on the galleons, which only Hakluyt knows; of Anson's heroic cruise, that prodigious man; and of two terrific sea-fights, Dutch against Spaniards, off the coast of Peru.

Yet even there, among the thundering cannon, the ocean remains the dominating fact of Riesenberg's book as it does not of Van Loon's. The latter is concerned with what manner of men sailed the sea and what they found at the end of the journey. In Riesenberg the shores and what lies behind them are incidental to the prodigious problems of all that water. Anson is not so worried by the Spaniards he is fighting as by scurvy and the leak under the forefoot. Cook deals more with navigation than natives; and there is a fine chapter on the Manila galleons, six months from the Philippines to Acapulco by way of the long parabola past the Aleutians, making their run with the clock-like regularity of a line of modern steamers.

He gives us, then, the Pacific, the sea itself, pretty near invincible three centuries after discovery, the charts of it still starred with the initials indicating that position and even existence of some of its salient features are in doubt. It is our last, most enigmatic frontier; and in the decade to come perhaps our crucial one, though on this Riesenberg does not descant, only tells us what the place is like.

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Pioneer in Photography

TIME EXPOSURE. The Autobiography of William Henry Jackson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE most historic moment in Mr. Jackson's long career—at the age of ninety-seven he still lectures, travels, paints, and sketches—occurred on July 23, 1870. Back of him lay a boyhood in Troy, N. Y., and Rutland, Vt.; service with the Union army; some rough experience in bullwhacking to Utah and California; the opening of a photographer's studio in Omaha, and the taking of a large number of stereographic scenes along the route of the new Union Pacific Railroad. On the July day named Dr. F. V. Hayden, head of the United States Geological Survey, called at Mr. Jackson's studio. He looked long and earnestly at the photographer's Union Pacific pictures and Indian groups. With a sigh he remarked: "This is what I need. I wish I could offer you enough to make it worth your while to spend the summer with me."

Mr. Jackson asked what he *could* offer. "Only a summer of hard work —and the satisfaction I think you would find in contributing your art to science," said Hayden. "Of course, all your expenses would be paid." That was enough. Jackson was immediately enlisted in Hayden's famous Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories. Another member of the party was the painter Sanford Robinson Gifford. While others gathered rock specimens, made surveys, and drew maps, Jackson photographed and Gifford painted. Even before the Civil War Frémont had taken a photographer, S. N. Carvalho, with him on his last expedition. But Jackson nevertheless possessed almost a virgin field, and made the most of it. He took pictures of the scenery of Utah and what are now Idaho and Montana. Penetrating the Yellowstone country from the north, he made what is probably the earliest photograph of the Mammoth Hot Springs—here clearly reproduced. He photographed the falls and grand canyon of the Yellowstone.

This was the effective beginning of Jackson's remarkable career as photographer of the old West. In 1872 he penetrated far into the Rockies again with the Hayden-Stevenson expedition, and made some especially fine pictures of the Grand Teton country. In 1873, still with the Survey, he took the first photographs of the Mountain of the Holy Cross—and one of them is reproduced here. He tells us what an exciting moment it was when he first saw this magnificent peak with its great shining cross. "It was worth all the labor of the past three months. . . . But as I sat there my instincts came to the fore, and I quickly devoured the hefty sandwich I had brought with me." In 1874, turning southward into the remotest corner of Colorado, he made for the Survey the first photographs of the Mesa Verde and its remarkable cliff dwellings. It was thirty years before the nation at large comprehended the interest and value of the Mesa Verde ruins and made the district a National Park. But Dr. Hayden at once saw the importance of Jackson's plates, and in 1875 had him make more pictures of mesas and ruins in Utah and Arizona. Photographs and photographer were put on exhibition at the Centennial; and Jackson relates that he entertained the crowds there by giving informal lectures on "the cliff dwellings, the flavor of buffalo hump, the geysers of Yellowstone Park, and the domestic habits of the American Indian."

The best chapters of this rambling, informal narrative, flavored throughout with Yankee humor, are those which describe the West of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Pen sketches as well as photographs illuminate the text. The author clearly enjoyed his life, and kept a journal to record its incidents. At Cheyenne in 1869 he went into Madame Cleveland's brothel to find some customers. After he had treated the girls to one bottle of wine they began to take an interest in photography. "Had another bottle and then they were hot and heavy for some large pictures to frame." In Salt Lake City he went to the theatre. One of the two stage boxes was empty. "In the other I recognized the bushy beard and solid features of Brigham Young himself. Inordinately fond of the theatre, the patriarch was attending the play practically alone; only three of his twenty-odd wives sat behind him." The author liked Indians, Mexicans, cowboys, and ranchers impartially, and he gives entertaining accounts of some picturesque figures of the old West—Senator Tabor of Colorado, for example. In his later years he travelled in Siberia as well as Mexico. But he is at his best in the region between the Missouri and the Sierras, an area of which his pictures furnish an enduring representation.

Mr. Jackson gives two reasons for having attained nearly a century without physical or mental impairment. One is that he inherited a tough constitution; the other that he never took a sufficiently long vacation to get run down. His habits, he thinks, may have helped. In drinking he is guided by the title of a book which he has never read but which sounds sensible to him; it is called "Liquor, The Servant of Man."

William Henry Jackson

Allan Nevins is professor of American history at Columbia University.

"The Token of Freedom"

Early this summer there was published in England an anthology entitled "The Pattern of Freedom," a book which contained a collection of pithy sayings on freedom from the time of Pericles to the present day. Beatrice Warde, an American resident in England, hit upon the idea of collecting from its contents enough easily-rememberable passages to fill a booklet for young people. This she issued in the incredibly short period of ten days under the title "The Token of Freedom," and began distributing the little volume to English children about to be evacuated to America.

The forty selections included in the booklet were chosen with a view to making the meaning of democracy vivid and vital to young people escaping from the shadow of tyranny. The Americans-in-Britain Outpost sponsored the undertaking with help from sympathizers in America and subscribed a sum sufficient to make possible the printing of a first thousand copies. An edition of 12,000 is now on the way to press. Information concerning the project may be obtained from Mrs. May Lamberton Becker of the N. Y. *Herald Tribune.*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THEN AND NOW

A FULL year has passed since the onset of war and no great literature has been born of it as yet. And indeed, if the last war is to serve as example, there is little likelihood that a masterpiece will emerge from the years of combat. Battle on the scale being waged today is too calamitous, too all embracing to allow of the perspective or the detachment out of which alone great books result. The non-combatant in the world of the present is hardly less involved in the stress of struggle than the combatant himself, and the very completeness with which he is continuously apprised of the course of events results in filling him with doubts and fears instead of assisting him to clarity of view.

When the First World War began in 1914, there was vast ignorance on the part of the American public as to the background of the contest and the diplomatic history which preceded the call to arms. A rash of books on the annals of the warring nations, on their political, economic, and social systems, on the personalities of their leaders, even on the geography and points of scenic and artistic interest of the countries involved broke out. These were almost immediately followed by the personal narratives of the combatants of all nations, those chronicles so touching, so pitiful, so tragic in which youth at grips with a shattering reality seemed suddenly to envisage life with a clarity, understanding, and nobility far beyond their years. In the crucible of war all seemed to have been burned away except the pure gold of character, and these youths, striplings but yesterday, when they took pen in hand became endowed with a maturity of feeling and dignity of emotion which lent their familiar epistles a quality beyond the personal and immediate. Their letters and journals were supplemented by the narratives of workers behind the lines and by the cascade of correspondence from the journalists.

We have had as yet, in this more highly mechanized and impersonal struggle of today, none of these combatant records, and far fewer books of historical character than in 1914. The censorship which has been clamped down on military information has prevented even the vaguely localized descriptions of manoeuvers and battles which the soldiers of the last war sent home from finding their counterpart in the present, and the foreign correspondents have been allowed scant opportunity for observation and portrayal. And yet in a sense there has never been a war which has been so completely reported for the public. It has been said that in Jane Austen's England there were villages and hamlets which were ignorant that the Battle of Waterloo had been fought until weeks after Napoleon's defeat, and every schoolboy knows that a Rothschild could reach London from the battlefield sufficiently ahead of general news of the event to be able to profit on the exchange by his personal knowledge of it. Today, in contrast, the sirens that herald an air raid on London are heard wailing in New York before German fliers are over the English city, and the abrupt cessation of broadcasts from Berlin makes known to this country the approach of British aviators toward the German capital even as it is in progress. Nevertheless the war remains for most of us an amorphous drama, impossible to visualize, impossible to realize in the agony of the individual, as we realized it in 1914 from the letters of a Victor Chapman or the correspondence of a Philip Gibbs.

As to creative writing, the conflict has had a withering effect upon it. We have had no poetry comparable to that which a Rupert Brooke, a Siegfried Sassoon, or a Richard Aldington produced during the First World War, and though there has been a spate of novels with Nazi Germany for background and a slender stream depicting embattled England, there has been no work of fiction to attain to the popularity of H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and none of permanent importance. The books which in this country, at least, have come to most prominent notice are not the romances dealing with the war but those attempting to cast light upon it politically and rationalistically. Hitler's "Mein Kampf," Rauschning's "The Revolution of Nihilism," Sir Nevile Henderson's "The Failure of a Mission," Raymond Leslie Buell's "Isolated America," it is books of this sort which have challenged attention. In contradistinction to the last war, the march of events has been so rapid that one country after another has been eliminated from the forefront of interest before literature could deal with it. Where in 1914-18 there was a continuous output of works about each of the belligerent nations, now Norway, Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium have all sunk into enforced quiescence almost before type could be set on the first books about them. But now as before Germany is a perpetual source of discussion.

It is, of course, futile to predict what the future may bring. Tomorrow might produce some masterpiece of literature in a constructive interpretation of the war. But if example proves anything, it goes to show that under the stress of mass emotion and mass catastrophe the artist's imagination is stalled, that really to find expression it requires detachment and tranquillity. Where the individual's sorrow or suffering or turmoil frequently lends eloquence and passion to the reflection of experience, universal tragedy seems to bring merely consternation and inexpressiveness. And until our writers can reach sufficient remoteness in time from the holocaust of the present to remember it in tranquillity, it is likely that they will continue to produce now, as a quarter of a century ago, not great literature but interesting commentary.

A. L.

The Butterflies of Monterey

(The Monarch butterflies range in summer as far north as British Columbia, but before winter return to the Monterey Peninsula.)

By Daniel Henderson

STAND with me early in November
Beside the tides of Monterey—
Forever then you will remember
The golden hosts above the bay:
The moths that drop in golden snowing,
The yellow streamers in the skies,
Rivers of sun dust, flowing, flowing—
The homing butterflies.

How wise this frail tribe, to maneuver
To keep the courses of the sun:
Gilding the gardens of Vancouver,
Flecking the north's dominion—
Intrepid darts, yet transitory.
Stand with me some November day
And see them come in tumbling glory
Homing to Monterey.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bibliography Fantastic

SIR:—In your August 17 issue, Mr. Frederick B. Shroyer asks information concerning fantastic stories dealing with time-travel, voyages to other planets, weird creatures, et cetera.

Present-day American writers divide these types of stories into two general classes, pure fantasy, and science-fiction. The latter type is a fictionized extrapolation of modern science knowledge into future possibilities. Interplanetary voyages come under this classification usually, since present science knowledge makes clear understanding of how it may possibly be accomplished. With the atomic power of U-235 available, the rocket principle for drive, and a slight development of the present stratoliners for hull, Mars is definitely attainable.

Edgar Rice Burroughs "John Carter" Martian books, on the other hand, rate as pure fantasy. No attempt at extrapolation of known science was made; "John Carter" simply went into a coma on Earth and woke up on Mars.

Incidentally, can any reader of the *SRL* think of any of Jules Verne's highly imaginative concepts that has not been either (a) realized in full and surpassed, or (b) considered and discarded as completely possible, but paralleled by better methods? Verne's passenger-carrying bullet round the Moon is about the only one left that hasn't been surpassed by fact. In view of the imminence of atomic power from U-235, it probably will be shortly. And atomic power was a thing too wild for Verne to conceive!

JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.
Editor,
Astounding Science Fiction.

New York.

SIR:—If Frederick B. Shroyer, your correspondent of August 17, is really interested in a bibliography of fantastic romances of all countries, I suggest that he consult the Chinese literature in this field. Let him start with the *Hsi Yu Chi* (Wylie*: *Notes,* 202), *Feng Shen Yen I* (Wylie: *Notes,* 204) and *Ching Hua Yuan* (Ou Itai,* 102).

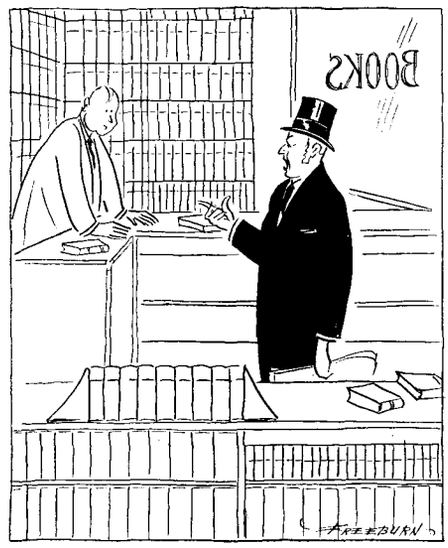
L. C. GOODRICH.

Columbia University,
Dept. of Chinese and Japanese,
New York City.

*i.e. Wylie, Alexander, notes on Chinese literature, ed. of 1922. On Itai, Le Roman Chinois, Paris 1933. Of also Edwards, E. D., Chinese Prose literature, 2 vols. London, 1937-8.

Defining Definitions

SIR:—In what otherwise would have been a fine article on history and the historical novel (*SRL,* August 24), Mr. Tourtellot is guilty of several careless allegations concerning history and its writing.



"Send me the complete works of Shakespeare, Goethe, and De Voto—also something to read."

Trying to define his terms simply, the author does harm to himself and to history when he says: "The former (history) is the product of analytical, deliberate minds; the latter of creative, venturesome ones." No self-respecting historian, whether writing for the public or for other historians, will accept that definition. What the author sets up as differences are basic to both. History not written by creative, venturesome minds is not worthy of the name. Standards for the writing of history change as in other fields of writing.

His statement that "the pages of history are animated only by the great, the leaders" would be correct if the perfect tense of the verb had been used. Any history that does not treat of the mass-mind, of great social upheavals, or of social and cultural conditions in general cannot do justice to the "leaders."

But Mr. Tourtellot commits his greatest error in his simplest statement (which error he later enlarges upon): "History records; the historical novel recreates." A record is nothing more than a chronicle; and a chronicle is not history. At best, it is the handmaiden of history. Let me submit, therefore, a more complete definition of history evolved by a frequent contributor to these pages, Allan Nevins. In his "Gateway to History," Mr. Nevins defines history as an "integrated narrative or description of past events or facts written in a spirit of critical inquiry for the whole truth."

HRANT AKMAKJIAN.
Jersey City, N. J.

SRL Phenomena

SIR:—Coming back to my unread copies of the *SRL* after a summer vacation away from them, I am struck by two phenomena: (a) that you contemplate changing the format of the review, and (b) that you published Mortimer Adler's "How to Mark a Book."

As for the first, speaking as a charter subscriber, I long to see the review revert to something of its original appearance—larger, with white paper, three or four columns to the page, and without the cheap news-stand bid through a red cover. Further, I long for more thoroughgoing reviews, and more reviews of weightier books. You can afford to appeal to intelligence. There are enough informed people in the country to appreciate reviews of more of the scholarly works than you are now printing. As I browse in my files, I am saddened by the appalling amount of space the *SRL* has devoted to reviews of books (usually fiction) which died almost before the reviews saw print.

As for Mortimer Adler, and his "How to" mission in the world, may I be permitted to inquire where but in America could any periodical, aimed at the minds of mature readers, publish such a primer for the subliterate? Any reader who could benefit by Adler's elementary instructions would hardly be reading the *SRL* (or am I too optimistic?).

On the other hand, Granville Hicks's "The Fighting Decade" and the entire Poetry Number (August 10) were high spots in my summer's reading. Mark Van Doren's "Poetry and Subject Matter" is, in my opinion, one of the finest things written on modern poetry in a long, long time. I congratulate you on presenting so thoughtful and skilfully phrased a paper.

CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD.
Ypsilanti, Mich.

"The Beloved Returns"

SIR:—Would you be kind enough to bring to the attention of your readers the following facts about my review of Thomas Mann's "The Beloved Returns," which appeared in your issue of August 24? They are:

1) That on page 5, column 2, line 20, the phrase should run "set against it (the standard of the normal man) the great artist is found wanting and a vagabond."

2) That on page 13, column 3, line 32, "part" should have been "past."

3) That on page 17, column 2, line 25, "direct" should have read "cerebral;" and that in line 28 "perhaps" should have read "equally."

PAUL ROSENFELD.
New York City.

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"If It Prove Fair Weather"

I. AS THE REVIEWER SEES IT

By George Dangerfield

IN "If It Prove Fair Weather"* Isabel Paterson wants to tell a love story which shall demonstrate not "a conflict between the lovers and the world" but "the way two special people felt about each other, and how it made them behave to *each other.*" If the two people in question were two fragments of ectoplasm, this demonstration might be possible; otherwise I don't see how it can be done. The world pushes its way into this love story, as it does into every other. For example, if James Nathaniel Wishart, a publisher with an unloved wife and a strong sense of decorum, had not been so afraid of what the world would do to him, he might have become Emily Cruger's lover. You can put it another way and say that Wishart was afraid of taking any responsibility for his emotions; but in Wishart's case, it was really the world that got him down.

If the author has not managed to achieve the impossible, she has, at any rate, achieved the probable. A woman trapped by her love for a man who wants to have his cake and eat it, is not an uncommon phenomenon; but it is difficult to project into fiction; and it has been set forth here with a great deal of skill and a good deal of malice. In her attempt to exclude the world—that is to say, those social or economic considerations which generally play their part in love stories—the author relies chiefly upon conversation and the interplay of thought. While it is hard to understand, from these conversations, these unspoken thoughts, just in what resides Emily's sense of companionship with Wishart, they do show us how a woman feels toward such a type of man. Emily, it is true, is not—from a male reader's point of view at any rate—a particularly cosy character. Her conversations with her friend Christine on the subject of the absent Wishart, while brief and indirect, are singularly feline. Figuratively speaking, the man's back is one gaping scratch.

Emily is sometimes tender towards Wishart, often sorry for herself; and the novel would be a crepuscular affair if it were not constantly illuminated by the sparks that fly from her mind. Sometimes these sparks are rather facetious than witty, some do not seem to be exactly spontaneous; but the total effect is lively enough. In its way, "If It Prove Fair Weather" is a psychological Fourth of July, a celebration of the verbal Independence of Woman. It is also an ambitious book; it appears to be a highly successful revelation of certain aspects of a woman's mind; and though it will make most men uncomfortable and unhappy, that no doubt is what its author intended. How women will take it, this reviewer does not pretend to guess.

**IF IT PROVE FAIR WEATHER. By Isabel Paterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 306 pp. $2.50.*

Isabel Paterson's book will make most men uncomfortable.

II. AS THE AUTHOR SEES IT

By Isabel Paterson

WHAT this country needs is a good stiff course in ethics and moral theology. Why I think so is because I have written a novel—"If It Prove Fair Weather." To understand the question fully you might have to read the book; but that does not worry me. The main point is, those who have done so, with advance copies, are almost unanimously severe on the man in the story (his name is Wishart). It is a love story. Especially the men readers seem to feel—well, I don't know what. He makes them mad. There is an unmistakable implication that they would have behaved far otherwise, in his position. Possibly so; and it may be my fault that they don't seem to notice there was no way for him to behave well. He had only a choice of behaving badly in different ways. What I mean is that life is like that. Many of the most admired moral examples really will not stand close and logical examination. It is so in the nature of things. Human beings are inevitably in an appalling predicament between their emotions and their obligations; the two elements are not even conveniently distinct, but inextricably snarled in a cat's-cradle. And the more you try to untangle it the worse it becomes.

I admit, of course, that Wishart is not wholly admirable. He is a man. He is an upright citizen, with a business and a family; and he becomes interested in a woman not his wife. This is ethically reprehensible, if you allow any ethical standards whatever. I speak seriously. What is more, you've got to have ethics. (At present, some countries are saying that you don't have to, but the results are not entirely satisfactory). Then ethics apparently tell you that you must, if necessary, be completely insensible, incapable of being interested or of wanting personal satisfactions. That is a very hard saying, surely. Shade it a bit, and say rather that it is your duty to repress and restrain such feelings if they go beyond the boundaries of previously established obligation. That sounds very lofty; but it may still be at the expense of another person, or even two other persons. It is not so nice to be the recipient of duty either.

This is extremely obvious, and twenty years ago was thought to be a complete answer. It was then affirmed to be a higher duty to discard the inconvenient obligations and go ahead on the new path. Now one may see what comes of that. A trail of wreckage. It doesn't work even as well as sticking to the old line.

But let us imagine duty as the constant lodestar from the beginning. All of us have favorite characters in history; one of mine is Sir Thomas More. He took and held a straight course. Deeply religious, with a strong intellect and character, and scholarly tastes, as a young man he thought of entering a monastic order. But as he was also robust and of an affectionate nature, he feared he had not the authentic vocation, and decided it was better to be a good layman than a sinful cleric. So he married and was a faithful and kind husband and father, all his days. He married twice. The first time, he was undecided between two sisters. His personal preference was for the younger and prettier of the two; one may assume he was in love with her. But out of sheer altruism, he felt it would be invidious to

(*Continued on page* 17)

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Too Small to See But Not to Read

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

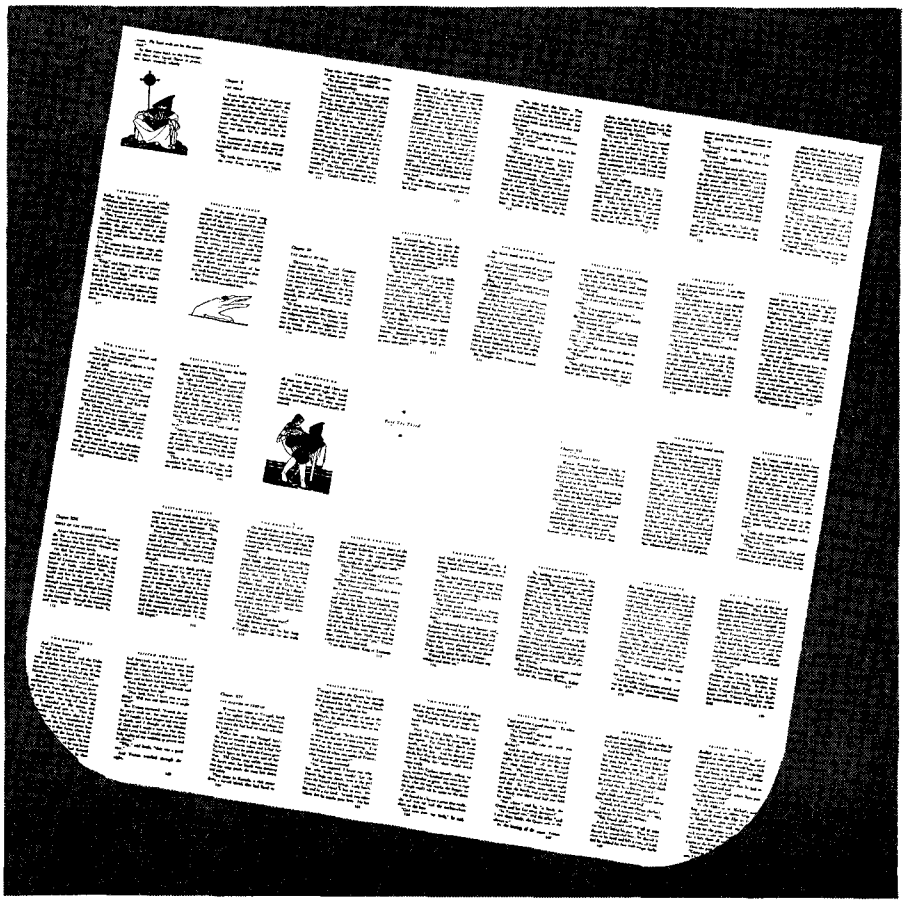
FOLDED in my wallet, where it occupies even less space than my automobile license, is a two hundred page book—a specimen of a process which Will Durant has called "the greatest advance in printing since Gutenberg." It is a single sheet of glossy paper, about six inches by nine, on each side of which have been printed one hundred pages, in type too exquisitely tiny for human eyes. This miniature book is not a curiosity of craftsmanship, like the Lord's Prayer engraved on the head of a pin. Nor is it an example of microfilm, the photographic method now in common use for compressing bulky records into a small space. Here is a new process, invented by a New York publisher, which can eventually, at a surprisingly low cost, place the contents of whole libraries in the average reader's home, and bring within the private citizen's reach facsimiles of expensive reference books, files of technical periodicals, collections of the classics, rare or unique editions.

Many attempts have been made to put literature's "infinite riches in a little space." Greatly reduced photographs of book pages have been projected, like movie film, on screens, or read with the help of low-powered microscopes. But Albert Boni's process, microprint, is a revolutionary step forward because the minute facsimiles are for the first time actually printed on ordinary paper, and can therefore be turned out in quantity at a ridiculously low price; and because he has developed a machine, the Readex, by which they can be quickly and easily read.

The Readex looks like a large typewriter case. Pull out a narrow drawer in the bottom of it, insert the small sheet of microprint, and turn on a light inside the machine. Onto a screen, which seems to be ground glass but is really a transparent plastic, there flashes a blurred rectangle of light. Turn a knob, and there comes into sharp focus a page from the book in the drawer, magnified to the size of ordinary type. With a flick of the wrist, you can move from page to page, or skip pages ten at a time, forward or backward, thumbing through the book almost as rapidly as you would skim a normal sized volume. Turn another knob, and the printing on the screen swells to the size used in a child's primer. This device is a boon for those whose eyesight is below normal, for it makes small type footnotes legible without strain. Moreover, it enables the Readex to project books of any format; a duodecimo looms on the screen as visibly as a folio. And all this is possible for a reader who may be relaxing in an easy chair close to the machine, with his eyes at whatever distance from the screen is most comfortable.

Now look at the sheet of microprint again, with its serried ranks—ten rows each way—of minute, indecipherable oblongs, each of them three-quarters of an inch long, and half an inch wide, each representing a whole page of a life-sized book. Into a four-page leaflet of microprint can be compressed the average four hundred page book; into four such leaflets can be packed a whole volume of an encyclopedia. A sheaf of leaflets no bulkier than the novel you slip into your pocket to read on the train will contain the equivalent of a trunkful of reading matter. Four thousand books —more than most book lovers can persuade their wives to house and dust—will take up less space than the famous "five-foot shelf." The contents of a good-sized public library will melt into an alcove bookcase.

The Readex machine, of course, is no vestpocket gadget, and, at about $150, will remain the most expensive item for the possessor of a microprint library. Further technical refinements and large scale production, however, are expected to reduce both its size and its cost before long. But the price of the microprint books themselves is astonishingly low—about one per cent of the cost of the original normal size book. Readex owners should be able to assemble a library at the rate of five cents a volume. An encyclopedia such



Actual proportion of a microprint page. The written material on this page is the equivalent of a thirty-eight page book.

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as the Britannica, with its two dozen volumes and 24,000 pages, if reduced to microprint, could be manufactured to sell for three dollars.

Indeed the expense of microprinting is so small that a microprint publisher must think in brand new terms. Instead of single books or even sets of books, he will have to plan to publish entire libraries at a stroke. According to the present program, book lovers will be offered a collection of one thousand volumes, selected from the classics of literature, history, and science. The proposed titles include the complete works of Plato and Aristotle; the Greek and Roman poets, dramatists, moralists, and historians; the Bible and the Koran; Burton's "Arabian Nights," medieval chronicles such as Froissart and epics such as the "Song of Roland"; the complete Cellini, Saint-Simon, Pepys, and Casanova; the travels of Marco Polo, Mandeville, Hakluyt; the great Tudor Translations and Tudor Texts; masterpieces of general history by Gibbon, Symonds, Hallam, and Lecky; the epochal works of science from Newton's "Principia" to Darwin's "Origin of Species"; the best among poets and novelists from Homer to Proust.

Together with the reading machine, the price of these thousand volumes—whose mere enumeration would run longer than this article—is tentatively set at two hundred dollars. Since $150 pays for the machine, this would mean that a thousand classics could be bought for the price of twenty current novels. Moreover, this entire microprint library will be small enough to be packed into a brief case.

Behind the development of microprint, as behind most radical innovations, lies a story of chance, faith, and persistent search. Its originator, Albert Boni, is neither a printer, a scientist, nor a professional inventor, but a New York publisher. He stumbled on the idea by accident. Six years ago he saw a miniature candid-camera shot which had been enlarged ten thousand times. He noticed that all his camera-minded friends were busy "blowing up" photos. Why not, he thought, reverse the process and make big things into little?

In his ignorance of photography, optics, or physics he believed it would be an easy matter. The depression was at its depths, the publishing business was slack; soon he was devoting all his time to experimenting in a field where he had to learn everything from scratch.

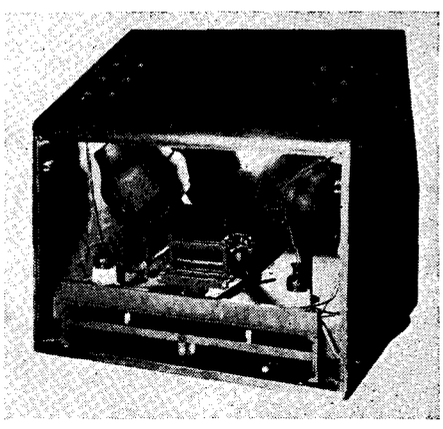
He was quickly forced to abandon his first notion of reproducing book on film. For any sizable edition the cost to the public would be prohibitive. Instead he was faced with the necessity of finding a way to use strictly conventional paper and printing presses.

But experts assured him that microscopic reproductions of reading matter could not be legibly printed on paper. If he succeeded in getting microprint, no lens at reasonable cost could enlarge it clearly enough to be read. Even if he succeeded in getting the lens, any light strong enough to enable him to read microprint would be hot enough to burn the paper.

BONI studied omnivorously. His bible was Professor Josef Eder's typically German "Handbuch der Photographie"—a simple exposition and condensation of the subject in sixteen volumes. His first job was to produce a page of microprint itself. This meant transferring the image of a printed text from a miniature photographic negative to a metal printing-plate, and then printing it clean and clear on paper. He plunged into innumerable experiments. He learned about the behavior of paper, ink, and printing-plates, but that was all. Then, when the way seemed hopelessly barred, Boni recalled something he had read in his Bible—in one of Eder's sixteen volumes. And a door opened. This hint from Eder—which remains a secret, every inventor's privilege—gave a new turn to the search.

Finally, Boni received from the printer a scrap of paper clearly imprinted with a microscopic text. He hastened to a large optical company and placed his bit of paper under the lens of a projecting-machine. As the experts had foretold, he could not decipher a word; when he fumbled with a knob to bring the print into focus, there was a curl of smoke and the paper turned to ashes. However, the problem of providing a cheap and suitable lens was quickly solved by the skill of the optical industry.

Light and heat presented the worst obstacles. Even with glass that filtered out most of the heat, the paper turned brown instead of black. After months of study, experiment, and consultation with experts, Boni worked out a dome-shaped reflector which cut down the amount of light necessary and therefore reduced the heat to a harmless degree. But new difficulties took the place of old. At this stage the reading machine — a cigar-box contraption — worked only on a six-volt current; a cheap method had to be found for adapting it to the usual household current of 110 volts.



The Readex machine.

Cigar-box model after model was built, found wanting, and discarded. Altogether five years were consumed in research, trials, false clues, and dead ends. Then Boni was handed the solution on a silver platter. The electrical industry produced a lamp, similar to the "sealed beam" automobile headlight, which answered the peculiar needs of his machine and worked on normal house currents. At last everything clicked.

Today microprint and the Readex are practical realities. There is nothing to prevent machine and books, which will shortly be on the market, from becoming common household objects. The book lover can have thousands of readable facsimiles, the world's masterpieces, expensive dictionaries and encyclopedias, in his own parlor. The doctor or lawyer or engineer will cross his study for access to law or scientific libraries, to vast files of technical journals. The scholar or expert will be able to possess this rarest works in his field.

Whole communities, as well as individuals, should benefit from it. The entire contents of the New York Public Library, four million volumes, could be shelved on stacks in a twenty-five by thirty foot room. Volumes that are now the boast of Oxford or Harvard libraries can be made available to the inhabitants of every prairie town. Mr. and Mrs. Jones and the young Jones can have at their command, in the modest building on Main Street with "Carnegie" carved over the door, the sum of human knowledge.

LAST May saw for the second time in our generation the destruction of the famous library of Louvain. Microprint would have safeguarded its treasures. Its 700,000 volumes, reduced to microprint, could have been stored in an underground bomb-proof vault not much bigger than a packing case. Last January the American Council of Learned Societies warned the world of the impending danger to human knowledge of such destruction, or of totalitarian control. One by one the story was told of precious libraries isolated or ruined in Peiping, Prague, Warsaw, Cracow, and Helsinki. To this list of victims (although it is the Republic of Letters of which we are all citizens that is the real victim) can

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now be added the irreplaceable collections of Copenhagen, Oslo, Amsterdam, Leyden, Brussels, Antwerp, and Paris.

With a variant of microprint, doctoral theses which now cost the aspiring graduate $500 to $2,000 to publish can be issued for twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars. Rare manuscripts, papyri or parchment, and early scarce scientific texts which now cost twenty-five to fifty cents a *page* to photostat, can be made available for a few dollars a *volume* to the handful of scholars for whom they are pearls beyond price. Research workers in highly specialized fields—engaging perhaps only one or two dozen scientists scattered throughout the world—can keep one another informed of their progress at a nominal cost.

No one can foresee the remote effects of Boni's work. When Gutenberg turned out the first printed Bible five hundred years ago, neither he nor his contemporaries could guess the changes his rudimentary press held in store for humanity — changes not confined to mere books, but profoundly affecting the religion, politics, social life, and destiny of mankind.

Dollars and Ditches

SUEZ AND PANAMA. By André Siegfried. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 400 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD J. TRUEBLOOD

M. SIEGFRIED is at once a Frenchman, an internationalist, a political scientist, an economist of sorts, and a dyed-in-the-wool imperialist. As a Frenchman, he has traced with pride and sympathy the epic of Suez, which was written by the Great Frenchman, de Lesseps.

It is a safe guess that his books will satisfy the curiosity of ninety per cent of its readers. The remaining ten per cent—students and technical experts of one manner or another—may wish to quarrel with some aspects of M. Siegfried's survey, but the author was not writing for this group. He was writing for that ill-defined, nebulous creature, the "average, intelligent reader," and to him he has presented a commendable work.

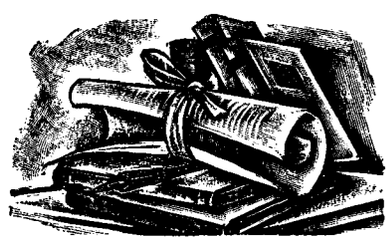
The cutting of the Isthmus, the engineering triumphs, the politics and finance all make a fascinating, if not always savory, story. While M. Siegfried is no hero worshiper, and he has a realistic attitude toward the limitations of Frenchmen and other mortals, it is evident that he considers his compatriots a cut above the rest in the matter of canal construction. The bitter failure of de Lesseps's titanic struggle to pierce the Isthmus of Panama is not minimized. Yet, Siegfried feels that "if de Lesseps failed, it was because French savings, from which he eventually demanded too great an effort, ceased to follow him once a series of belittling campaigns had ruined the credit of his Company."

As an internationalist, Siegfried examines at length the world importance of Suez and Panama, which he endows with almost mystical potency in the shaping of modern civilization. In his role of economist, the type and direction of the traffic flow through the two canals have been carefully analyzed and the author is inclined to lay much stress on the rather obvious fact that an index of freight movement through Suez or Panama is a good barometer of world economic conditions. Like many such barometers, however, it is remarkable chiefly for the accuracy of its hindsight. Nevertheless, the sections dealing with traffic flow are a useful contribution to the analysis of world trade currents, and they are worthy of serious study at a time when it is possible that one of these arteries may be cut or seriously damaged by hostilities growing out of the present war.

In his concluding chapter, M. Siegfried becomes almost Kiplingesque in his interesting appraisal of Western civilization:

> In spite of a certain amount of resistance the White Race always leads the way. The two interoceanic canals are the symbols and instruments of this conquest. It was the West and the West only that created them both . . .

Although recognizing that "entire sections of the world are now beginning to escape the control exerted by the West," he does not believe that any but the White Race is capable of "maintaining material civilization at the high level to which we have brought it." Consequently, he arrives at the conclusion that the administration of the Suez and Panama canals must remain in those hands, "which have always respected the rights of international commerce."



Lion of the North

GUSTAV ADOLF THE GREAT. By Nils Ahlund. Princeton: Princeton University Press for American-Scandanavian Foundation. 1940. 314 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

OUTSIDE Sweden, Sweden's greatest king, is famous only for the meteoric exploits of the last two years of his life. Everyone knows how, at the moment in the Thirty Years War when the Protestant cause seemed nearest defeat, a dour army of Swedes and Finns landed on the Baltic coast to oppose the victorious Imperialists, an army commanded by a dashing, chivalric prince whose name soon rang through Europe, Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. Everyone knows how that army was led from the Baltic across the heart of Germany to the Rhine, and back to the borders of Bohemia, dashing to pieces the veteran divisions of Tilly and Wallenstein, only to lose its king and commander in the moment of his triumph on the battlefield of Lutzen. There is no more stirring military epic. But of the half dozen or more dashing campaigns that preceded this invasion few of us would know even against whom they were fought or why.

Those earlier campaigns against Danes and Russians and Poles had at least as much importance for Sweden, however, as the German war, and Gustav Adolph is, properly, chief among Swedish national heroes, the history of his reign set forth fully in school books, and legends and anecdotes about him familiar to every school child. Consequently when Nils Ahlund, a distinguished Swedish historian, set out to make a book for the tercentenary of the king's death, he had no need to write a narrative biography. He put together, instead, a series of essays on special problems, a careful and scholarly one on Gustav Adolph's marriage and his youthful love affairs, another on his Baltic policy, another on his relation to the Swedish estates, the Riksdag, a brilliant character sketch of him drawn from contemporary sources, and a thoughtful evaluation of his aims in Germany. All these essays seem worthy of their subject; they embody new material, and are in themselves scholarly, intelligent, and readable. But they will leave the average American reader floundering so deep in a morass of unfamiliar Baltic names and circumstances that he will need to keep tight hold of a good, solid history of Sweden if he is to scramble out. Readers already familiar with Baltic history will welcome this book; others must look elsewhere for a clear, straightforward narrative.

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WRITERS AND CONFERENCES

(*Continued from page 4*)

cerned about their manuscript's saleability than its intrinsic merit. Mr. Hansen in his admirable report on the Rocky Mountain Conference says enthusiastically, "Here I have heard debated all phases of the literary life. Should a reputable publisher sign an author up for three technical books and then withhold royalties on the first 800 copies? Should a house sign an author for three novels and take all but fifteen per cent of the movie and serial rights? Should stories be written for specific magazines to sell, or should genius suffer in silence with rejections and toil away until editors come on bended knee? What makes a play click? What makes a novel succeed? What are the perfect situation and the best dialogue?" For the answers to the first two of these questions or any others like them the young writer need only drop an inquiry to the offices of the Authors' Guild. For the rest I submit that they have more of a note of materialism than idealism. I am not inclined to agree with Mr. Hansen when he sums up "For while the best work is done by writers when they work alone, the best inspiration comes from knowing what is in the air and how to go about it." The best inspiration comes from giving your ideas expression whether they are in the air or not, and in expressing them in a way you have worked out for yourself. If you are the first to put them in the air you will be indeed fortunate.

"All of the actual writers said repeatedly that they were being stuffed and stultified beyond endurance," writes a mature author who has attended two different conferences as a student and has since then published a volume. "They said they got more from the few clinics at the end when they had a chance to tear up each other's writings. Speaking for myself . . . just hearing Mr. — read my work and hearing the questions, criticisms, (praise and blame) from the rest of the group was worth, for me, the entire first nine days of blankness."

It would seem from all this that the Writers' Conference shot-gun creates too wide a pattern on the target or rather it aims at too many targets. Perhaps the purposes of the conferences need relating in more specific language. Perhaps they need to be decreased in number and given more emphasis. In some cases at least it is evident that the Conferences do not accomplish what the writers in attendance expect of them. As a staff-member I came away with the realization that I had had a lot of fun and that I had enjoyed associating with stimulating companions. But I also felt reasonably certain that the writers of real talent who were present had wasted most of two weeks that could have gone to productive thought.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin finds the summer conferences stimulating but exhausting.

What I Know About You, Etc.

AMERICA, I PRESUME. By Wyndham Lewis. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1940. 298 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE game of printed ping-pong between English literary visitors to America and American literary visitors to England is, as everyone knows, numerically an unequal one. Since the days of Charles Dickens, more books and articles have been batted at America than at England; there have been more Provincial Ladies than Margaret Halseys; more Priestleys than Hawthornes. Everybody agrees that the reason for this is that England provides few lecture audiences and no Hollywood; and that, in consequence, when an American author travels to England, he does so at his own expense. This makes him more charitable and more silent.

Whether this is a good thing, admits of some doubt. It is not healthy for the English writer to have it all his own way. It makes him careless. Here, for instance, is Mr. Wyndham Lewis, who has something new to say about England and something new to learn from America; and who, in "America, I Presume," seems not unwilling to proceed along these lines. But Mr. Lewis has what one can only describe as the extraordinary carelessness to write about a comic soldier who comes to America on a lecture tour. This approach to the subject—with its resulting disquisitions upon hospitality, lion hunters, lions, and the rest—is so horribly familiar that the reader might be excused if he puts the book down after the first two chapters. To do him justice, Mr. Lewis only uses this soldier in order to lurk behind him; the appearances of Major Corcoran are intermittent. But why bother to lurk?

Apart from this, the book has its little drawbacks. It consists (as is only to be expected in a work of this size) of a series of generalizations, which sometimes cancel one another out, or trail off into the thin air. They are the generalizations, moreover, of a man who is fairly ignorant of American history and who appears never to have travelled further west than Buffalo or further south than Virginia. When Mr. Lewis uses the word "American," the reader is occasionally tempted to ask him if he knows what he is talking about.

Within his narrow limits, however, Mr. Lewis has something to say. He is sometimes shrewd, often amusing. In two chapters—Provincial Decay and If I Were A British Agent—he discusses certain changes which, in his opinion, America is now undergoing, and certain other changes which England must shortly undergo. If you juxtapose the two chapters you will find them extremely speculative but also most suggestive. They throw, as it were, a little sunlight on the future. They might almost be said to justify the whole book.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 336)

FEUCHTWANGER

THE JEW OF ROME

Let me be a rainbow, Jehovah,
Quick to dissolve, but ever newborn again;
Glittering with many hues and yet made of one light;
A bridge from Thy earth to Thy heaven,
Born of water and sun,
Always there
When sun and water mingle.

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History of the Negro

THE NEGRO IN VIRGINIA. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the WPA in the State of Virginia, Sponsored by The Hampton Institute. New York: Hastings House. 1940. 380 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS story of the Negro in Virginia, free from both bitterness and prejudice and equally free of sentimentality and pretentiousness, is not only one of the most significant books to come from the whole work of the Federal Writers' Project. It is also, I think, one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the American Negro's history, which has been left in darkness even when it was not presented in distortion. Though it deals with the Negroes of only one state, it is still the most satisfactory story of the Negro in America that I have seen.

In important aspects the story of the Negro in Virginia has been the story of the Negro in America. He began there around the widening, land-wasting tobacco plantations. He stirred in Virginia the sense of justice toward man and shame in slavery of such great Virginians as Thomas Jefferson. In Virginia also under Nat Turner his violent revolt created also the violent repressions of the latter days of slavery in America. In Virginia he was closer to the war which freed him and closer also to the forces, good and evil, which moved from the North in his name after the war.

The method of this book should be model for the other histories which need to be written. It follows the documents but is not limited by them. To the formal sources in every aspect of the Negro's history are added the voices of old folk recalling their own past and the earlier times told them by their fathers. Such testimony of the old folks has its faults certainly. But it is needed as corrective in writing such a history in which the written records are almost exclusively white and angry, white and sentimental, white and apologetic. The recollection of these old Virginia Negroes, told I presume to young members of their own race, give a credibility to the Negro's own story which could not have been based upon the documents alone.

The half-lost history of the old past seemed to me to be the best part of this book, superior to the adequate and intelligent but more familiar story of the Virginia Negro's present. Even that, however, is told with an honesty, often with a humor which recognizes the weaknesses of the Negro while it recounts his accomplishments. His desperate difficulties are told without any of the rhetoric of literary indignation. There is no effort to magnify pretentiously the successes of members of the race out of proportion to their meaning in the whole community. In the story of the Negro as laborer the book does seem definitely partisan for the C.I.O. against the A. F. of L., but while this may be controversy, I think any honest observer of the Negro and the labor movement must agree with it.

Altogether this is a grand book. There may be historical mistakes in it. They are trifles beside the great historical correctiveness in the whole impression which it gives. Splendidly it is written under a direction largely Negro which no longer feels the need to make all the Negroes out as angels in chains and no longer the need to take the white South's story without scrutinizing it. Between the black buffoon and the ebony martyr it has produced the Negro as a real and unique human being in the land. The chief fault I found in the book was its geographical limitations, but it provides both the first step and the pattern for a satisfactory history at last of the Negro in America, a history we can all read with interest and to a clearer picture of the past of us all.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

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Three Generations of Schoolmasters

SCHOOLMASTER OF YESTERDAY, A THREE GENERATION STORY. By Millard Fillmore Kennedy in collaboration with Alvin F. Harlow. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 359 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

COUNTRY LAWYER, Country Editor, Country Doctor, Country Parson; and now the Country Schoolmaster—or, to be accurate, three Country Schoolmasters covering a span of ninety-nine years. The first Kennedy ("Grandfather," Protestant Irish, self-educated after the accepted frontier tradition) took up the ferrule in a one-room Indiana school in 1820. His son (Benjamin, "Father") began to teach in 1849, at the age of seventeen; and *his* son (Millard, "I," two and a half months of college education) faced his first schoolroom in 1883. In the hundred years the pattern changed very little. Mr. Kennedy lived like Grandfather, taught like Grandfather; and his book suggests that he thinks like Grandfather. The violences, hardships, pleasures, and tragedies of American country life are recorded here in a genial, rambling, anecdotal style; but their significance is curiously missed. It is as though the author had never reflected upon his own experience: consequently, a national catastrophe like the Civil War seems to have no more meaning than such a domestic catastrophe as Grandfather's tumbling tipsily from the loft, or Father's getting involved with a treed 'coon. Everything is seen in terms of the good story. It is pleasant, it is honest—and it is dull.

From the book.
The schoolmaster takes to flight.

The country need not be dull. Charles Allen Smart and Lyman Windolph—to name two of the best proponents of the Rustic Revival—are proof of that. Their manner, too, is anecdotal; but anecdotes as they use them are philosophical, symbolic. The Chillicothe farm and the Lancaster law-office are little worlds, and the investigation of them throws light upon the problems of the great world. The Indiana school house is as rich a subject, and it is a pity that Mr. Kennedy could extract no more from it. He is homespun enough to make Chic Sale look like a *boulevardier,* but there is disappointingly little beneath the texture that promised so much.

Country Couturier, Country Trombonist, Country Seismologist, Country Ailourophobe—isn't it nearly time to leave the farm? Let us grant the charm of this worthy book: it would be refreshing, all the same, to have the reminiscences of the Bostonian who, when asked the route of a trip he had made to the West Coast, replied, "Oh, I simply went out the Dedham road."

Southerntowns in Transition

THE SOUTH IN PROGRESS. By Katharine DuPre Lumpkin. New York: International Publishers. 1940. 256 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CARROLL KILPATRICK

MORE than once in recent years it has been pointed out that the most significant fact about the South is the large number of critical books on the South by Southerners. Southern writers have been numerous since long before the fall of Lee at Appomattox. But critics of the South, with the possible exception of an able group of economists in the eighteen forties and fifties, usually have resided north of the Mason and Dixon line, and kept Southern writers busy at the dismal task of defense.

For fifteen years the story has been changing. Today the ablest critics of Southern ways and institutions are in the South, and to the manor born. Among them are some exceedingly competent and effective fighters for a new order of things Southern. That on occasion they have had their words translated into action is attested to by the title of the latest critical book on the South by a Southerner. "The South in Progress," a useful addition to the literature of the region, is well named. Its facts are not new, however, and it offers no original suggestion for a way out of regional problems. It does tell with cold accuracy the fearfulness of these problems, presenting in orderly form a condensation of a mass of statistical information. With a thoroughly Leftist bias, the author nevertheless writes with a deep sympathy and appreciation of the wide ramifications both in history and in human incapacity of the issues involved.

Significantly enough, the first list-

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"Briggs fires the spirit of the region for the reader and vividly describes the 'frontier' phases in separate parts—the miner, the buffalo, the cattle-rancher, the sheep-rancher, the settler and the farmer."—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

Illustrated. $5.00

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ing in the long bibliography at the end of the book is, "Odum, H. W., 'Southern Regions,' 1936, p. 57." It is like the preacher turning to Isaiah for a text. Howard Odum's "The Southern Regions of the United States" is the Bible of the modern South. It is the text every year of hundreds of editorials, and the inspiration for valuable research and writing. Miss Lumpkin leans heavily upon Odum's great work, yet, unlike the scientific sociologist at Chapel Hill, she inserts some vivid pictures of her own about Southern underdogs, and with high conviction. She examines the plight of the tenant farmer, the laborer, the Negro; the absentee landlord and the ruthless public officer come in for their share of castigation. Perhaps books like this are needed every few months, for we ought to be told again and again that the poll tax disfranchises millions of Southerners, that well over half the Southern farmers are tenants, that the region contains a fourth of the nation's population yet pays but one-eighth of the total federal income tax, that taxable property in the South averages less than $500 per person compared to $1,370 in the Northeast, that problems of health and education are literally stupendous, and of immediate national concern, that absentee controls, unfair freight rates, and an excessively high tariff drain from the South what wealth it has.

Miss Lumpkin has repeated and put in handy form a tale full of distressing facts. The book would be much more worthy its title if she had included some of the dramatic stories of the brave men engaged in pushing the South along the road of progress.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Robert Burns: "To a Mouse."
2. Shakespeare: "Macbeth."
3. Swinburne: "Atalanta in Calydon."
4. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
5. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
6. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."
7. Shakespeare: "Julius Cæsar."
8. Shakespeare: "Macbeth."
9. Kipling: "Ballad of East and West."
10. Shakespeare: "Sonnet XXX."
11. Shakespeare: "The Tempest."
12. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale."
13. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."
14. Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet."
15. Carroll: "Through the Looking Glass."
16. Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night."
17. Marlowe: "Edward II."
18. Shelley: "When the Lamp Is Shattered."
19. Tennyson: "In Memoriam."
20. Dowson: "Non Sum Qualis Eram."

"IF IT PROVE FAIR WEATHER"

(*Continued from page* 10)

leave the elder and plainer sister slighted. So he married the elder. It is not known whether the younger was in love with him. She might have been. He was a man of charm, wit, and general attractiveness. And if the younger girl was in love with him, I can't make up my mind—I am very fond of him—which of the two girls had the best right to murder him on the spot. Both of them, in my opinion, had every right to do so. He had injured the girl he loved and insulted the one he married. Nobody but me has ever noticed that, so far as I know. He is always held up as a model of masculine virtue. I guess he was. That's what I'm talking about. . . . In later life, he became a widower, and married again, a woman he didn't like much, to be a mother to his orphaned children. She should have killed him too, if she cared for him. Otherwise, I suppose it was all right. He was one of the best men that ever lived, so he only needed to be murdered three times by justly infuriated females, if he had got his deserts. He is highly praised by men. Though of course a less worthy man would have married the pretty sister, and then maybe fallen for a more attractive woman later.

Women are annoyed at Wishart. They have reason. Still, women also might examine the premises. That masculine line, "loved I not honor more," has always filled women with silent rage. Because they can't answer it. A woman friend of mine says that, reading the book, she hated every hair of Wishart's head. She ought to. She is married to a delightful and honorable man, a sea-captain. I can't think what she would answer if compelled to decide whether her husband, in the course of his vocation, ought to go down on the bridge as the rules prescribe, and never mind about her; or should he leap into the first lifeboat and save himself for her sweet sake. The fact is, in such contingency, when a woman might have to think whether her husband must put his duty or herself first, she really believes he ought to do both, and could if he put his mind to it. That's where there is no other woman in question at all. In case another woman deflects his thoughts from her, she isn't going to debate the matter for a moment. She will merely scalp him and boil him in oil, and see how he likes it.

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Father of the Black Front

HITLER AND I. By Otto Strasser. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 249 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HEINZ POL

OTTO STRASSER is the founder and Führer of the Black Front, an organization which seceded from the National Socialist movement and since 1931 has been waging a bitter guerrilla warfare against Hitlerism. He was one of the earliest disciples of National Socialism, and he was thrown into intimate contact with Hitler at a time when the latter still gave much more unrestrained play to his passions and desires than later, when increasing power made him more aloof and disciplined. It is now, to be sure, ten years since he has seen Hitler, but he has continued to observe the German Führer from a distance and to fight him strenuously.

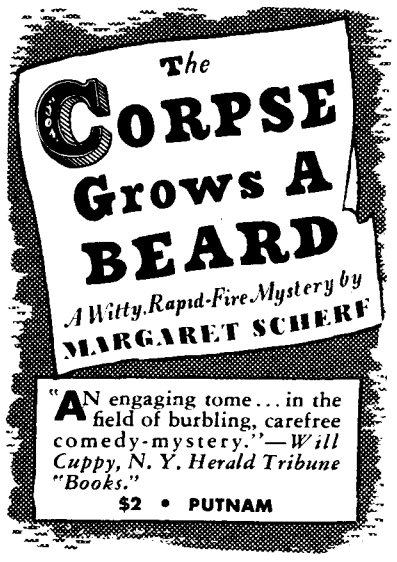
Strasser believes that Hitler has become the "incarnation of the principle of destruction." According to him the motive power that drives Hitler is hate—a hate that is all-encompassing and renders him incapable of loving Nature, man, or beast. From this hate stem all his other qualities, such as contempt, arrogance, greed for power, viciousness—qualities that can never serve a constructive but only a destructive purpose.

On the other hand, Hitler, he says, is a magically contrived bundle of nerves, enabling him, sometimes almost unconsciously, to uncover the most secret stirrings and desires of men, both individually and in the mass. It is this, as Strasser correctly points out, that makes him one of the most effective orators of our times. He senses and gives expression to what the masses feel.

Strasser gives a wealth of interesting observations and conversation that lay bare Hitler's impulses and reactions down to the most intimate sphere of his meager, repulsive, and sinister love affairs. But the material is insufficient to explain Hitler completely. It leaves wholly unanswered the most important problem: How could this man with his urge for destruction and his numerous weaknesses and defects (he is cowardly, reads no books, cannot be brought to work systematically) nevertheless succeed in gathering so much power in his hands, in realizing his plans to an extent which no one, least of all Strasser, regarded as possible?

Did Hitler become a different man after 1930? Has he learned to think constructively? Are his victories so far merely a consequence of the inferiority of his enemies? Or has his ability to act as a "seismograph" grown so immeasurably that he intuitively grasps events better than anyone else? Strasser does not examine this problem. Much in his book remains mere outline, and occasionally there are even misinterpretations. It is worth reading because its highly personal and colorful style throws much light on the beginnings of National Socialism — its ideological and organizational development, to say nothing of the methods, compounded of cowardice and brutality, with which Hitler for years has persecuted and threatened a personal enemy like Strasser. These methods accord with Hitler's infernal hate complex, and more than once Strasser presents them in such graphic form that the reader closes his eyes in horror.

Heinz Pol is a well-known German journalist who a few weeks ago made good his departure from a French concentration camp. He is the author of a book on the fall of France which Reynal & Hitchcock will publish early this Fall.



The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MADE UP TO KILL *Kelley Roos* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Morphine fails to extinguish one actress; dagger does for another. Third lady in cast and space-salesman turn sleuths successfully.	Climax in darkened theatre has its points, the rest is pretty much like other light, readable, and artificial drammer-murders.	Time-killer
LAST ACT IN BERMUDA *David Burnham* (Scribner's: $2.)	Bloody slaying on Bermuda's pink sands involves restless theatrical crowd. Inspector Hopkins leaves solution to Sis, but he gets his girl. (Northwest Mounties: Please copy.)	Bright, inside talk on art and stage. Exception: over-long exposition speech (by woman).	Hoodwinker
DRY TORTUGAS *Whitman Chambers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Florida reporter wilfully embroils self, for sake of mysterious damsel, in welter of killings by land and by sea.	Subversive plotsters, bibulous comic relief, cold blooded Cuban villain, and other double-crossing characters, give yarn considerable movement.	Slap-bang
DEATH ON THE CLOCK *Gertrude Knevels* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nurse Lobbets' arrival at curious N. J. lake community signal for several violent deaths. Nursie and sleuth from Boston reveal horrid secrets.	Enough hair-raising ingredients for several stories. Although not too well mixed they offer pungent dish for them as likes creeps.	Extra spooky
THE CORPSE WORE A WIG *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bullet hole beneath dead physician's false hair makes N. Y. police Insp. Schmidt forget aching pedal extremities in search for triple slayer.	Moves smoothly and swiftly through sequence of puzzling, amusing, and exciting situations to convincing solution. Best Schmidt yarn to date.	Good stuff
DOOWINKLE, D.A. *Harry Klingsberg* (Dial Press: $2.)	Knowledge of stars in their courses assists John Doowinkle in solution in nine snappy and sensational cases.	Crooked police and conniving lawyers of American city "100 miles from Baltimore" get come-uppance in deftly constructed short stories.	Interesting

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American English

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Compiled at the University of Chicago under the editorship of Sir William A. Craigie and James R. Hulbert. Part X. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1940. $4.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

THE second volume of the historical dictionary of American English has now appeared, with the completion of fascicles VI to X. The descriptive label, Corn Pit—Honk, like that of the first volume, A—Corn Patch, has something of an American flavor. As in the first volume, the editors have selected for inclusion words significant as accessions to the American vocabulary or having associations with characteristic features of the country, its occupants, and its history. The adventurer in words who leafs through its pages finds testimony to the growth of the language, from its importation in the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, and comes upon interesting matter reflecting the development of the nation and the customs of its inhabitants.

Among the miscellany of entries in the new volumes are topographical terms such as *divide, gulch,* animal names such as *cougar, coyote,* pioneer terms such as *dugout, forty-niner, grubstake,* political terms such as *gag rule, gerrymander,* Indian expressions such as *bury (take up, lay down) the hatchet, ghost dance,* and Spanish terms such as *frijole, hacienda.* Occasionally slang terms of persistent vitality are recorded, *e.g., discomboberate* from the 1830's, and *highfalutin* and *dingbat* from the middle of the century. *Enthuse* appeared as early as 1859 in the *Congressional Globe* but remains sub-standard upwards of a hundred years later. Bits of information concerning the history of American life may be found under such entries as *Dunkard, faith cure, fire eater, Free Will Baptist, greenback, hard money.*

Those fascinated by word histories find good reading on nearly any page. *Emporium* was grandiloquently applied to a shop or store as early as the 1830's. *Grapevine telegraph* came into currency in the Civil War period. *Geewhillikins* was a popular exclamation a little earlier and *crackerjack* emerged somewhat later. The fictitious number *forty-'leven* is recorded from as far back as 1860. *Hello girl* was used by Mark Twain in 1889. *Graft* in the sense of illicit gain became current at the border of the centuries. *Hamburger steak* and *hamburgers* have descended from last century. *Doughboys,* it seems, take their name from a small round sailor's doughnut.

For the familiar American expletive *darn,* the dictionary editors repeat (erroneously, I think) the old derivation proposed by Professor G. P. Krapp, from a Middle English adjective *dern,* secret, hidden. Now this adjective was probably the source of the verb *darn,* mend, as to darn hose; but I maintain that the better etymology for the exclamation is that which I once suggested in the periodical *Language.* For one thing, expletives do not seem to arise from adjectives; and, for another, citations of intermediate steps between the Middle English word and the nineteenth century verb are curiously lacking. A likelier history is the following. The more or less profane adjective *'tarnal* was popular in the eighteenth century, coming from *'tarnal* (eternal) *damnation.* Thence arose the conflated form *tarnation,* which soon became *darnation,* obviously taking its initial sound from damnation. The American *darn,* recorded from about 1837 in New England, the form latest to appear, was a natural derivative, darnation and darn serving as milder substitutes for damnation and damn. Surely the strong old noun and verb seem more appropriate in the ancestry of *darn* than the harmless Middle English adjective *hidden.*

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More Sleep than Rest

WHY ENGLAND SLEPT. By John F. Kennedy. New York: Wilfred Funk. 1940. 246 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

HUMAN beings, individually or collectively, rarely seem able to learn from the experience of others. We Americans, in commencing a vast armament program, have before us the experience of the French and British, who likewise set out some years ago to prepare for an impending emergency. If we fail to profit from their disastrous mistakes, it will not be for want of autopsies and inquests. Outstanding among such investigations is this first-rate study of Britain's unpreparedness by John F. Kennedy, son of our Ambassador in London. Mr. Kennedy, who took leave of absence from his studies at Harvard last year to travel and study in Europe, completed this book before his graduation two months ago. As an analysis of British policy and as a contribution to the American problem, the volume would do credit to a man of twice Mr. Kennedy's years.

The British people were not as fully armed as the Germans last September because they never really believed that war would occur. As Mr. Kennedy so wisely remarks, "A boxer cannot work himself into proper psychological and physical condition for a fight that he seriously believes will never come off." During the early years of the past decade, the British clung to their faith in disarmament, which had already been repudiated by the Nazi regime. Even after launching their vast rearmament program, they continued to believe and hope that war was not inevitable and that it could be averted by "appeasement." British businessmen wanted higher dividends, and British labor wanted higher wages; all Britishers wanted to avoid the immeasurable tragedy of another world war. Not until they discovered war to be inevitable and invasion to be imminent did the British people sink their differences and mobilize their entire manpower and wealth.

Mr. Kennedy is scrupulously objective, and avoids making any one man, group, or class responsible for Britain's plight. Unlike too many American journalists, he does not hesitate to apportion part of the blame to the Labor party. He perhaps lets the Chamberlain cabinet off too easily, particularly with regard to its complacency and inefficiency after the outbreak of war. In general, Mr. Kennedy tends to spare the upper classes, whose appalling limitations were revealed in Sir Nevile Henderson's memoirs, and whose hatred of the Soviet Union blinded them to the Nazi menace and weakened British foreign policy. One would also like to know why the British government slept so soundly through the Manchurian and Ethiopian crisis, as well as the Spanish civil war. These are some of the details needed to complete the picture of England's long siesta. Despite their absence, this reviewer concurs with Mr. Henry R. Luce, who writes as follows in his laudatory foreword: "I hope 1,000,000 Americans will read this book."

How to Live through a War

A PSYCHOLOGIST'S WAR-TIME DIARY. By Anthony Weymouth. New York: Longman, Green Co. 1940. 300 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MABEL C. ULRICH

IF you have wondered how the average educated Britisher and his family lived through the six months of nerve warfare that followed September 3rd, 1939, this cool, calm diary will give you one answer. It will tell you little of importance you haven't known, some of it is definitely on the dull side, and such psychology as it offers is of a simplicity bordering on the banal. Yet this day-by-day chronicle all unconsciously reveals the character of the upper middle-class Englishman far more clearly than have dozens of more formal and conscious attempts. Its author obviously has all the charm we Americans admire and often envy in his gifted countrymen. He has culture, tolerance, urbanity, a delightful appreciation of people and of a good story, and a vast capacity to meet without fuss the obligations of the moment however unpleasant the consequences; he displays also a respect for established patterns and a confidence in Britain's destiny that to an American seem often baffling and sometimes even adolescent. When war was declared Harley St. doctors lost most of their patients.

The diary's last entry was made February 29th. Up to the last page the author's quiet confidence in his prognosis of Hitler's rapid progress from schizophrenia to out and out insanity, in France's indomitable army and the Maginot Line, in the power of the Low Countries' resistance, never once wavers. Today, four months later, this confidence makes ironic and tragic reading. Nevertheless, the reader feels convinced that if Dr. Weymouth has continued his daily notations, they must still reflect complete faith in Britain's victory. It is this confidence, at once so bland and so mystical, that lies at the root no doubt of much of England's strength, but also, one fears, of her weakness. Such at least is the impression this diary left with this reviewer. That, and the extraordinary contrasts of simplicity and urbane sophistication met in these lovable island brothers of ours.

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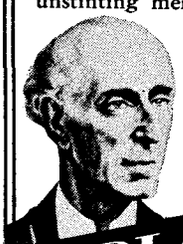

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THE NEW BOOKS

Belles-Lettres

AND SO TO BATH. By Cecil Roberts. Macmillan. 1940. 380 *pp.* $3.

For many travellers an automobile is merely the quickest passage between two points. Not, however, to Mr. Cecil Roberts, who in this volume celebrates his repugnance to that medley of motorists who regard a journey by car as a road-alternative to a journey by express train or airplane.

The one advantage of travelling by car is that you can stop when you please, as long as you like, and go as much out of the direct route as you choose. Mr. Roberts discovered this, partly at the instigation of a young Austrian friend, Rudolph, who wished to visit the house in Hammersmith where Samuel Richardson wrote "Clarissa." For years Mr. Roberts had driven to and from Pilgrim Cottage, near Henley, to London as fast as he could: suddenly it dawned on him how much he missed, of beauty, of historic interest; stories of crime, of passion, of devotion, glorious buildings like Osterley Park, Syon House, Cranford, and on the road to Bath from Henley, the Castle at Reading, Newbury Town with its great legend of Jack of Newbury, Bowood, Littlecote, Avebury, and the fine village of Marlborough. He takes the reader through a part of England rich in tradition, tradition stretching back to the time of Caesar and beyond to the rakes of the Regency and the Swells of the Victorian age.

His tales of men and women and places show how much he has read in the history of families and towns. He has a good eye for out-of-the-way scraps of verse and legend. I like the quatrain, attributed to Quin the actor, about an expensive inn, *The Pelican.*

The famous inn at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill,
May well be called *The Pelican*
From its enormous bill.

Good, too, is the tale of the highwayman, boss of a gang, who, when he had mulcted a traveller of a suitable tribute gave him a password so that he would be free from further exactions. Best of all, though, to my mind, is the history of 'that great commoner, Jack of Newbury, the apprentice who married his master's widow, continued the clothier business after her death, and married one of his maidservants. When James IV invaded England Henry VIII ordered Jack to supply four pikemen and two cavaliers. The great clothier instead supplied a hundred men, and dressed them in his own cloth. When later on the King and Queen came to visit him, the King wished to knight Jack: but Jack begged to be excused, asking leave "to live as a poor Clothier among my people in whose maintenance I take more felicitie than in all the vain titles of Gentilitie."

R. E. R.

Fiction

FIRE WALL. By Alan Clark. Random House. 1940. 221 *pp.* $2.

The quality of the scenes in this book would make it a strikingly good one if the author were not such a Protean fellow: he starts out as John O'Hara at his worst—likker, low language, and lewd younger sets—rapidly takes on an appearance of Upton Sinclair in his sophomore years, and alternates these aspects with flashes of Nordau, Briffault, Spengler, Vina Delmar, and Tess Slesinger. Possibly Mr. Clark has quaffed the Pareto whom one of his heroes admires several times, and this has mixed him up a bit in telling a story that is swift and well realized where it is a story.

The breakdown of society, the breakdown of a particular society, and the breakdown of a particular person are neatly symbolized and paralleled in the recklessness and disaster of a Massachusetts motorcycle meet. It is a pity to have this meet and the excellent situation which fills the latter part of the book—a madman holds a glamour girl and a quick-lunch counterman in a car for the better part of a day while he waits for the man he wants to shoot—interrupted while Smoky makes reflections that are not as deep as a Pierian spring on psychology and social conditions. A gentle flavor of neuroticism hangs over most of the characters and this would be quite all right if one did not suspect that some of the characters are introduced solely to provide this flavor.

The thing does not hang together—it is a good fifty pages before one begins to discover the relationships obtaining between the characters, the catalogue of the first paragraph notwithstanding, and there is a certain jerkiness even where the author climbs down from the pulpit. However, Mr. Clark is more than likely to write something of the first class.

P. S.

THE BREWERS' BIG HORSES. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1940. 441 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a pleasant and skilful romance which dips below the smooth surface of the events that it chronicles to bring up certain general comments on the quality of American life during the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the first two decades of the twenties. These have principally to do with the development of the "new woman," that creature of appealing energy and imagination who refused to stick to her

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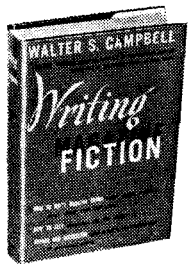

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hem-stitching, her piano-playing, and her dabbling in water colors.

In the society of Armitage City, Sara Bolster stands for the quiet but persistent rebellion of intelligent womanhood against the sterile gentility of the way of life recommended for the well-born. The meager values of her mother and sisters are tinged with meanness and Sara repudiates them. She becomes first a newspaper woman and then the wife of a young man from the wrong side of town who, when he is tragically killed, leaves her his brewery to manage.

Every phase of Sara's story is interesting and readable. Her fastidious code forces her to break with the saloons and find a new kind of prosperity in the operation of a beer garden. The snobbish members of her family are quite willing to be supported on the profits of her industry; yet all the while they work fatuously for prohibition. Sara fights against the movement with the resolution of a man. When the brewers' cause is lost, she submits with dignity and turns her energies toward the building up of a restaurant business. Just at the end of the book, a little flurry of melodrama robs her of that enterprise, too, when enemies plant illegal beer on her property and Prohibition authorities padlock her door.

There is so much of originality to the pattern of Mildred Walker's book that a reader constantly wishes that it might have been even more original. It would have had genuine distinction had the author cared to relate events more closely and revealingly to changes in the social scene. Emphasis is allowed to remain upon narrative interest and we get only a superficial account of the values that made Sara so different from her kind. It seems a fairly serious mistake to give the book the outline of conventional romance by drawing Sara back to respectability, at the end, through a middle-aged love for an aristocratic childhood suitor, one who has moved sketchily and not very persuasively through the story.

The brew is good but it might have had more body and also a more malty flavor.

J. G.

BIG STONY. By Howard T. Walden, II. The Derrydale Press. 1940. 401 *pp.* $10.

Unmixed blessings are few. Among them is the possession of one of those passionate and selfless interests known as a hobby. Avocation is perhaps the better term, with its connotations of a mystical call, which is exactly what is felt by those who get up at four-thirty in the morning to tramp through woods and swamps in soaking clothes or risk their lives on precipices, who spend on esoteric bits of equipment money on which the grocer and the finance company have prior claims in the pursuit of a skill for which there is no material reward on earth. To share with one's fellow devotees a faith that nothing matters beside the question of the comparative merits of the single as against the double lens reflex camera or the problem of differentiating the various *Empidonax* flycatchers is to experience, for the time, a sense of immunity to the nagging world that is almost disgracefully blissful.

It is with this spirit that "Big Stony" is imbued. A book made up of reminiscences and short stories all laid within the preserves of a fly-fishing club on the banks of a river whose name it bears, it offers testimony to the part trout-fishing can play in the life of a surgeon whose fingers are never permitted a slip, of a boy crossing the line between childhood and youth, of a poacher elusive as a ghost whose treacherous son becomes a warden, of a man in desperate need of a chance to prove himself in order to down the memory of a lack of courage, above all, of those to whom it offers the one escape back to reality. To the telling, the author brings the enthusiasm and restraint of a sportsman, a transparent goodness of heart, and an articulate responsiveness to wind and water and woods. Behind the stories, which are engaging enough in their own right, anglers will recognize the hand of one of the anointed.

C. O., Jr.

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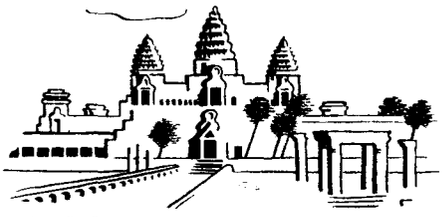

ESCAPE WITH ME

BY OSBERT SITWELL

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(Continued from page 2)

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Double-Crostics: No. 337

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1- E	2- T		3- K	4- V	5- B		6- C	7- F	8- E		9- O	10- X	11- I
	12- S	13- E	14- I	15- W		16- W	17- O	18- R	19- J	20- S	21- F	22- D	23- U	24- N	25- M	
26- J	27- P		28- G		29- X	30- Y	31- P	32- F		33- H	34- P	35- T	36- M	37- E		38- Y
39- N	40- R	41- E	42- W		43- L	44- T		45- U	46- J	47- W	48- M		49- C	50- M		51- P
52- C		53- M	54- V	55- H	56- D	57- W	58- S	59- I		60- K	61- N	62- G		63- F	64- E	65- W
66- L		67- O	68- V	69- I		70- U	71- V	72- X		73- J	74- B	75- L		76- C	77- B	
78- K	79- T	80- J		81- C	82- U	83- A	84- K	85- G	86- I	87- P	88- X	89- L	90- D		91- K	92- M
93- G		94- Q	95- W	96- M	97- A		98- P	99- K	100- W	101- X	102- H		103- H	104- Y	105- G	106- C
107- Q	108- A	109- F		110- L	111- S	112- K		113- B	114- I	115- T	116- F		117- M	118- E	119- V	120- G
	121- B	122- Q	123- F	124- M	125- H		126- G	127- K	128- L		129- R	130- T	131- U	132- X	133- S	134- W
135- P		136- L	137- K		138- J	139- T	140- H	141- B	142- N	143- Q		144- J	145- B	146- A		147- X
148- C	149- E	150- G		151- D	152- H	153- N	154- R		155- L	156- K		157- D	158- O	159- T	160- J	161- S
162- N		163- B	164- A	165- U	166- H	167- Q	168- Y	169- N		170- R	171- H	172- Q	173- W	174- F	175- T	
176- I	177- C		178- R	179- E	180- M	181- X	182- I	183- A		184- R	185- W	186- D	187- M	188- S	189- Q	190- O

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Flush (vb.)

B. Primitive man (German).

C. Cup-shaped.

D. Destiny, fate.

E. Emptiness.

F. Inhabitants of kingdom between India and Tibet.

G. Wooden throwing weapon of Sudan.

H. Novel by Dickens.

I. Periodical published by Swift (1710-11).

J. Trochaic-iambic foot.

K. Tousled (comp. nonce word).

L. Correlating uniquely element by element (logic and math.; comp.)

M. Novel by Thomas Hardy.

N. Composition for nine instruments.

O. Refuse; carrion.

P. Balderdash (slang).

Q. Old English Christmas drink.

R. One who intrudes.

S. Character in "The Winter's Tale."

T. Abnormal in development.

U. Character in "Twelfth Night."

V. Italian painter (a. 1480-1556).

W. Not producing desired results.

X. Novel by Charlotte Brontë.

Y. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

WORDS

164 83 183 146 97 108

5 141 113 74 145 77 163 121

177 6 81 106 148 76 49 52

151 56 90 157 186 22

64 37 149 8 1 41 118 13 179

123 174 21 7 63 116 109 32

150 62 93 105 126 28 85 120

33 140 55 102 103 152 166 171 125

86 11 114 14 176 59 182 69

19 138 26 80 46 144 73 160

84 99 78 156 91 112 127 137 60 3

155 110 66 128 136 43 75 89

117 50 92 124 96 36 25 180 48 187 53

153 61 169 162 142 39 24

17 9 67 158 190

27 87 31 98 135 34 51

94 189 167 143 122 172 107

178 18 170 40 154 184 129

161 20 111 188 133 58 12

115 130 44 2 79 159 35 139 175

82 45 23 131 165 70

71 4 54 119 68

100 173 42 65 47 134 16 185 95 57 15

88 16 72 101 181 29 147 132

104 30 168 38

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

Incorrigible Cockney

(Not the sentiments of the author)

I'm fed up with south winds, I'm fed up with fog,
I'm fed up with picking the ticks off my dog.
I'm fed up with sea food, adored by my wife,
I'm fed up with lobster, for once in my life.
I'm fed up with sand roads and sand in my shoes,
I'm fed up with clam bakes and beach barbecues.
I'm fed up with glare and with girls clad in slacks,
And bathers without any shirts to their backs.
I'm fed up with bare skin, of lady or man,
I'm fed up with white skins, I'm fed up with tan,
And limousines fitted with newspaper screens,
The present day models of bathing machines.
I'm fed up with life on Cape Cod, by the sea,
I'm fed up with bugs that are fed up on me.
I long for my desk and a bath in a tub;
I want to go home to my house in the Hub.

ARTHUR W. BELL.

CIVILIZATION'S tenure just now seems too skittish to spend time on anything but the best; like the butter in the Hatter's watch. Accordingly when Max Beerbohm had a birthday not long ago (68), two of his admirers drank deepdish highballs in honor. Few writers have given such exquisite pleasure; pleasure that even delights in Max's less successful passages (there are a few) because they show him human. ☞In hours of hebetude one is uplifted by the finality of Max's epitaph on the book-reviewing trade—"Enter the Spirit of Mr. Clement Shorter and Chorus of Subtershorters. They are visible as small grey transparencies. . . ."

★ ★

☞To relish this one would probably have to remember that it appears in the parody on Hardy's "Dynasts" (see *A Christmas Garland);* and one would have to remember Clement Shorter; and to remember also that Max was partly kidding; but only partly. ☞To relish any kind of finesse in literature one has to be able to remember many things. ☞In Max's parody the "chorus of Subtershorters is detected and expelled;" but why not read the parody for yourself? ☞Max remarked (in that superb collection *And Even Now*) that though he sometimes admired "the plungingly intimate kind of essayist," he was not himself one of that sort. ☞No, his charm is rather that he ascribes to the English language: "beautifully vague, with its meanings merging into one another as softly as the facts of landscape in the moist English climate." ☞Executives of skilful syntax might rise from their chairs if they notice, for instance, what Max can do with a triple negative, something probably forbidden in the textbooks *(And Even Now,* p. 183). ☞But why talk about hummingbirds in a generation of pythons? We were only wishing it were likely to have wished Max a happy birthday. It saddens us to think of him growing old in the shatter of a civilization that he was one of few to illuminate with suffused lighting.

★ ★

☞The best line uttered by any younger generation in the past decade was the outcry of a white collar girl fed up with some hocuspocus of bookish sentimentalism. "Some day," she cried savagely, "I shall be struck down by an Association Item, or some other blunt instrument." ☞We were happy to get a letter from a friend of that witty writer, Bruce Marshall (you will remember *Father Malachy),* saying Mr. Marshall had escaped from the fall of Paris. But our correspondent's handwriting is indecisive, we make out that Mr. Marshall is safe in Scotland but whether the next word is "Chartering," "chastening," or "chambering" we cannot decide. Whichever it is, good luck to him. ☞Speaking of White Collar Girls, one of the most attractive of such was Fanny Burney; looking at the new Everyman edition of her Diary we find she said of her novel *Evelina,* "I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a young woman is liable."

★ ★

☞This year's Boston Book Fair, sponsored by the Boston *Herald,* will be held October 21-26. Previous Book Fairs in Boston have been so happily successful that this year's exhibit will be extended to cover the whole field of New England. Each of the six days will be identified with one of the New England States, and all the governors have been invited to attend. The ranking feature of the show will be as usual the display of the 1,000 Best Books of the Year. ☞Timely in the present increase of our interest in South America is Doubleday's announcement of *Brazilian Sketches* by Rudyard Kipling (November 15th) in which R. K. described in his own vein his first visit to South America some years ago. ☞Doubleday's publish this week Edward Shanks's book on Kipling, "A study in literature and political ideas," which may surprise some of those who suppose themselves to have pigeonholed Kipling permanently.

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